


WIN A DAY AT THORPE PARK!

MARVEL®
13th July 91

THE REAL

№161 55p

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GH  **STBUSTERS™**



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GHSTBUSTERS™





In this week's action packed **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** comic, Peter and the gang experience the sporting after-life. When Dr. Venkman goes batty over the game of Softball, everyone has to *pitch* in to battle the beastly baseball in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

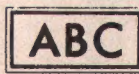
Mr Stay Puft returns in the first of our thrilling tales from beyond, and this time he means business. A boxing promoter has arranged the fight of the century between The Marshmallow Man and our heroes in the spookily spectacular story, **The Big Fright!**

In the first instalment of a brand-new three part adventure, **The Real Ghostbusters** fight a fiend that feeds on fear in **Closet Case!** But before you dive in for more ectoplasmic excitement, don't forget to enter our fantastic competition to win a trip to **Thorpe Park!** Good luck!

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Cover by STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS
 Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT

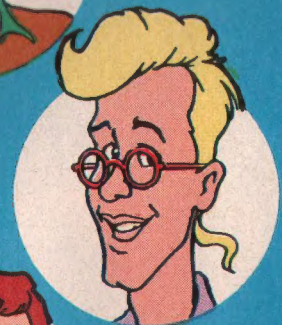


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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
 VENKMAN



EGON
 SPENGLER



RAY
 STANTZ



WINSTON
 ZEDDMORE



JANINE
 MELNITZ

SLIMER



THE REAL STBUSTERS™

THE SHANDOR BUILDING, NEW YORK...

AT LAST, URANUS IS IN PLACE. ALL THE MYSTIC PORTENTS ARE DISPLAYED IN THE HEAVENS.



ONCE AGAIN, IT IS TIME FOR **THE TRAVELLER** TO COME.



BEHOLD, **GOZER THE DESTRUCTOR!**

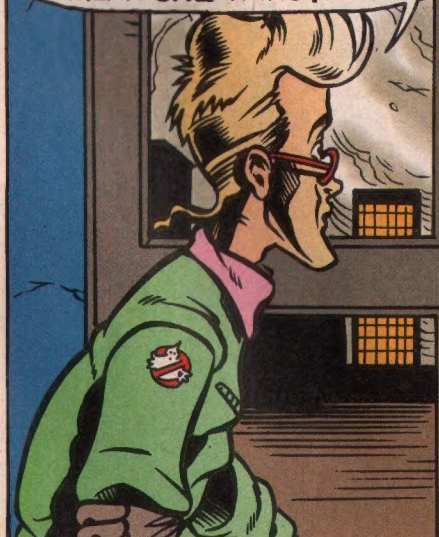


MEANWHILE, AT GHOSTBUSTERS HQ...

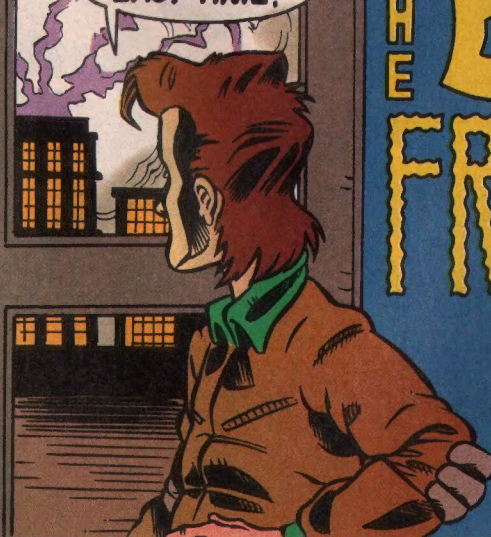
EGON, I THINK YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THE WEATHER SITUATION OUT HERE, IT'S GETTING **RATHER SERIOUS.**



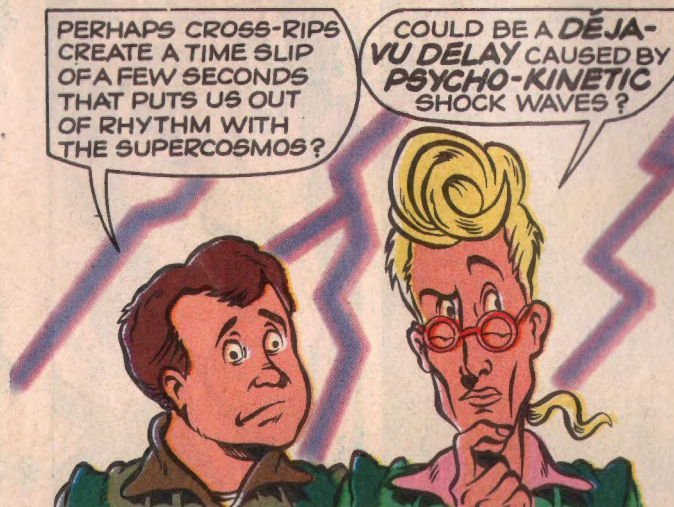
IT'S **ANOTHER FOUR-WAY CROSS-RIP** IN THE DIMENSIONAL FABRIC OF SPACE AND TIME, **PETER!** IT CAN ONLY MEAN **ONE THING!**

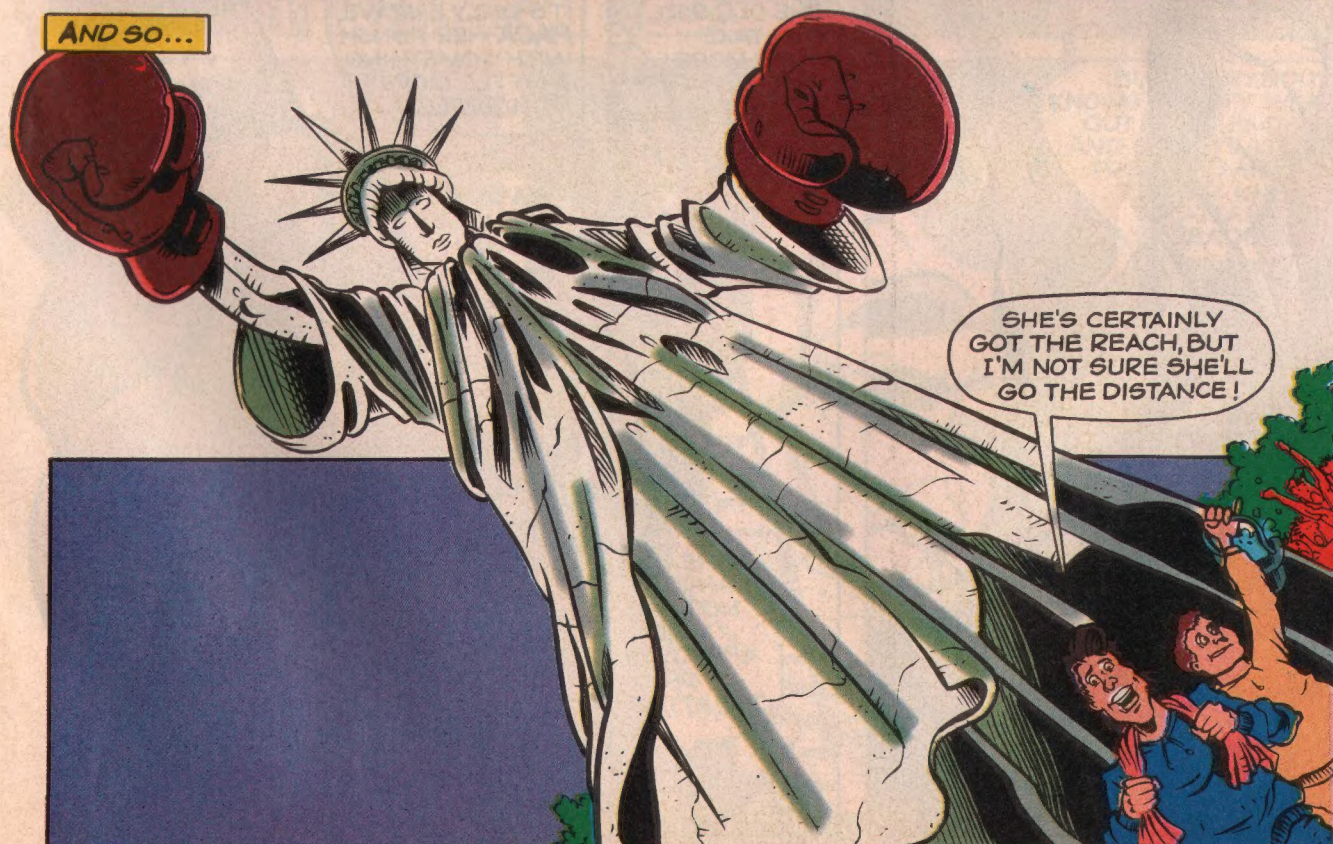
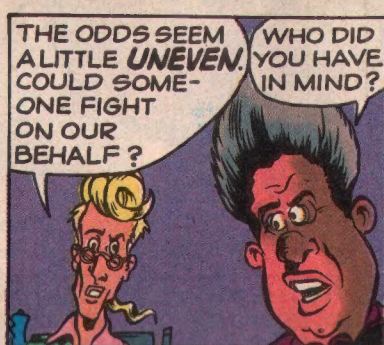
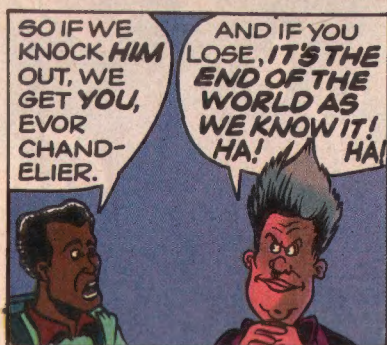
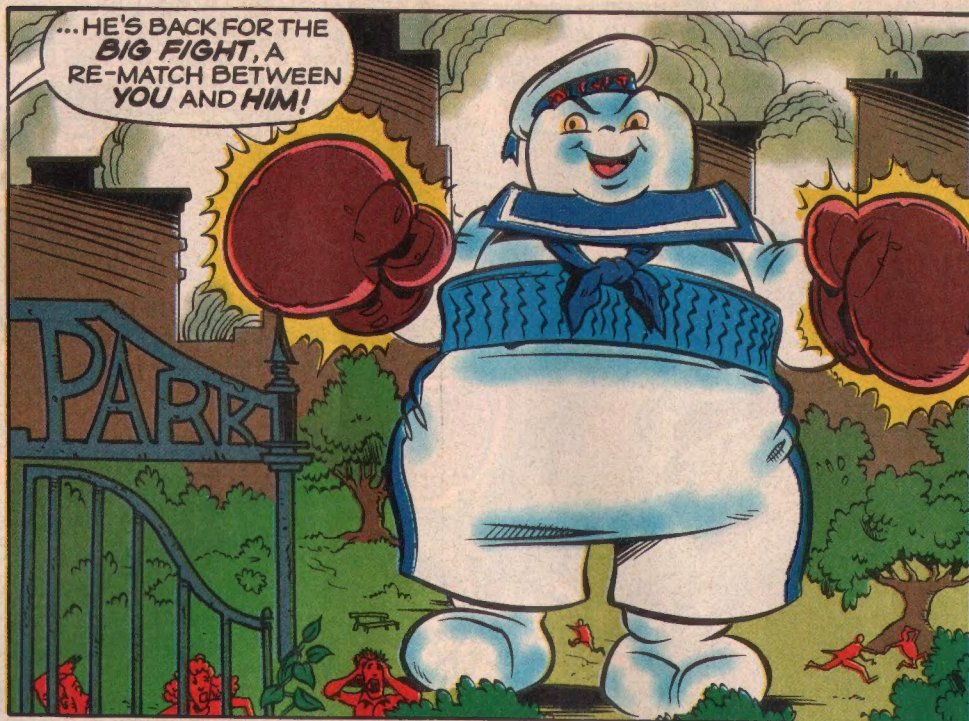


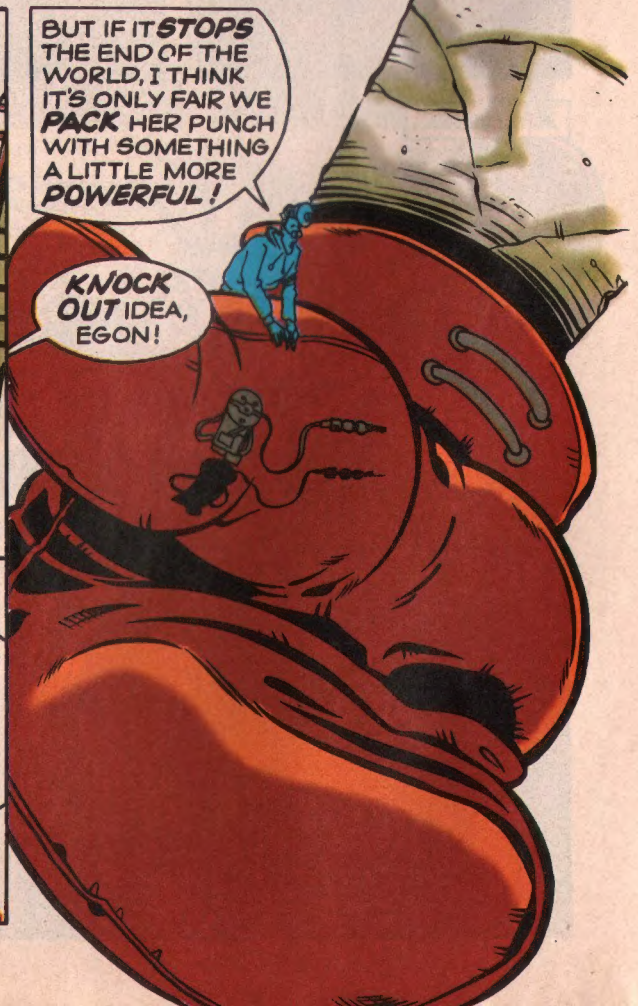
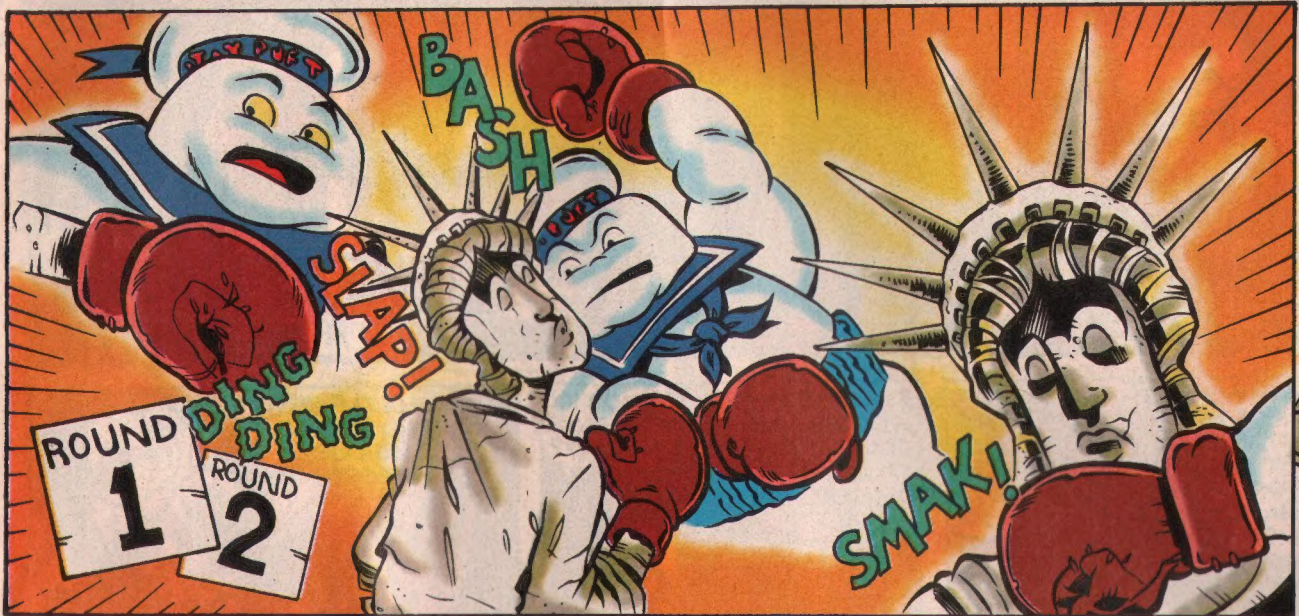
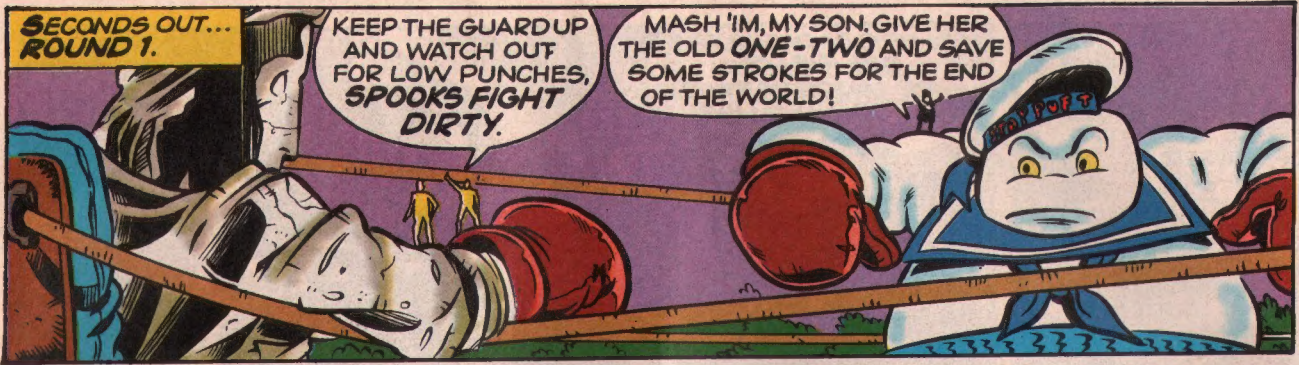
YEAH, THAT WE DIDN'T SEW IT UP PROPERLY **LAST TIME!**



THE BIG FRIGHT!







IN THE FINAL ROUND...



AFTER...



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

When freak brimstone typhoons brought a sudden halt to this season's **First Division Numbly Tournament** in the middle of a third round play off between Wolverlavington Wanderers and Coven Tree Athletic, the sports programmes on XTV (the Supercosmos's sports channel) were thrown into disarray. The programme archives were plundered to find some classic highlights of Supercosmic sport to fill the void whilst the pitch was re-turfed and the teams, referees and capacity crowd were treated for third degree burns. **Other-world of Sport** presenter, Dez Lycanthrope introduced a packed programme of bits and bobs and the viewing figures were saved. Here are some of the choicest moments of the highlights:

Curling. Rare footage of the 1785 Curling semi-finals in Hells Inky. Quert Boglith's two millenia record was finally and dramatically broken in this classic meeting, first by Brimshaft Woggle-tooth, who managed to curl and shrivel in under fifteen seconds, and then by Raghump Blinderspit in the closing minutes of play, who actually reached a state of complete mummification in only three seconds. Also included was the still-controversial judges deci-



PART 161

sion to disqualify Gogfluff Witblast's amazing and partial decomposition in five seconds when it was proved he was a vampire and as such, was using sunlight as a boost to performance. Tremendous stuff, especially the sudden death play-offs.

Pro-celebrity Parasite Ice Dance. The original 'contact' sport, featuring some fine stuff from the individual pairs, including the world champion Remora twins, who were awarded straight sixes and a crowbar for their symbiotic set piece based on Unravel's *Bolero*.

Australian Rules Blerty. A rare treat this, with some of the greatest moments of the 1234 season. Australian Rules Blerty is an often-criticised and unusual

variant on the better-known Synchronised Sport, condemned for its violence and apparently unsportsmanlike behaviour. This footage proved conclusively that the sport is highly underrated as a spectator event, and the phone lines were jammed with requests for more of the same. In the segment shown, a fine and exuberant performance from the New North Quoosland gremlin team was finally defeated by an inspired mass blerty by their opponents from Propane, who 'went off' whilst still in the dressing rooms and blew the stadium to pieces.

White-Water Tap Dancing. The championship-winning performance from Mike Astairod in the 1754 Uncommonwealth Games was an inspired set that included *Singing in the Drain* and *Here Comes The Flood* climaxing in Mike slipping off the draining board and disappearing for all eternity into the Olympic sized waste disposal.

Five-a-side Moffling from Spreadeagles. Raider's Cup drama ending with Azahoth the Almighty beaten into submission, Nogor the Bulky beaten into the ground and Flinth the Quiet beaten into a two inch square cube. Julk the Twisted was sent off in the second half after disputing his own death with the coroner.

HAVE A GREAT DAY OUT at

A FORTNIGHT'S FUN IN ONE
Thorpe Park

Photographed by Jim Bennett and Dennis James



Win a day out at Thorpe Park with our quiz

Study the 3 Questions opposite and decide which of the three answers is correct. Place a (✓) in Box A, B or C for each of the questions. The first 25 correct entries drawn will each win tickets to Thorpe Park.

RULES: This competition is not open to employees of Thorpe Park, this newspaper or anyone else connected with the organisation of the competition. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into. No cash alternative available. Winners will be notified by post.

Q1 A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

Where is Thorpe Park?

- A Kent
- B Surrey
- C Essex

Q2 A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

How high is Depth Charge?

- A 40 feet
- B 50 feet
- C 60 feet

Q3 A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

What is the Sky Ride?

- A Paragliding
- B Parachuting
- C Parascending

25
TICKETS
TO BE
WON

Complete your name and address and send your entry form to: **G'Busters, Thorpe Park Quiz, Marvel Comics, 13/15 Arundel St., London WC2R 3DX.**

Closing Date of Competition: Friday 26th July 1991


Name

Address

Telephone





Story DAN ABNETT  Art STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Thursday, 4th July 1991

Summer is coming. The sun is up, the sky is blue and Peter knows what we're going to do. . .

Every year, it's the same. A few days watching bronzed and beautiful super-athletes going through their paces on the TV, and Peter wants to be out there doing it too, feeling the burn, breaking through the wall, pushing his physical being to the limits of its capacity. Triumphant sporting achievement becomes his one and only goal. He talks about winning the World Series, scoring the final run in the Test Match, the winning try at Murrayfield, the home-hitter for the Yankees. He waffles on about his Olympic potential, his chances on the 100 metre record, his staying power over the marathon distance, his favourable chances at decking Mike Tyson. He transforms into Supersportsman, and comes down to breakfast in jogging shorts, trainers and a singlet emblazoned with the iron-on legend 'Healthy Mind, Healthy Body, 110 per cent Champion' and if you're looking for him, he can be found doing press ups and star jumps in Reception, breathing aerobically in the laundry or jogging round the car bay with a stopwatch and a headband.

Sooner or later, we have to take him out to the Park and play Softball with him.

It's the only way, to be honest. An hour or two of hard running, even harder searching for balls in the shrubs and jogging up to the plate making crowd noises through his teeth usually puts the damper on his athletic ambitions for another year. He'll come back and sit, trainers off and sweating, in an armchair and mumble about his more considerable achievements. The next day, he'll have more aches and pains than an aching person in pain and we can rest easy from his sports talk. We see Softball as an annual ritual, a duty we have to perform to exorcise Peter of his fantasies.

We've tried other things. I got him jogging once on a regular basis, and entered him for the New York Marathon, but he pulled out at the last minute 'on

his doctor's advice' due to a strained ligament in his ear. The trouble with that was he talked about what he would've done for weeks after. Nope, the only answer is to take him to the Park and sweat the obsession out of him with a couple of hours of very hard Softball. Does us good too. It reminds us why we're Ghostbusters and not Olympic eventists.

So this year, as ever, as Peter's constant sports yabbering was getting too much to bear, we began the annual ritual of autosuggestion. I'd make sure I was oiling the bat whenever Peter jogged by, Ray would get himself caught bouncing balls into the old catcher's mitt and Janine would mumble 'Batter! Batter! Batter!' whenever Peter was around. Even Egon helped out, although in a more subliminal way. He wore a whistle around his neck.

Finally, Peter would crack. 'Say, guys,' he'd say, as if it were suddenly his idea, 'how about a friendly game of Softball to warm the old deltoids and glutoids up? Certainly would get me in peak shape for the season. What do you say?' What do you think we say? Yes. YES. YEEEEESSSSS!

So on the first free, sunny evening we go down to the Park. I bring the bat, Ray brings the mitt and the ball, Janine brings the cooler bag with the cherry colas and Egon brings his 'Baltimore' baseball cap. Peter brings himself, in track suit, spikes, aero vest and carrying an innings average score card on a clip board. He walks ahead of us, the sound of imaginary cheering in his mind, and we loiter behind and snigger.

Only this year, we had a slight problem. With the benefit of hindsight, we worked out what had happened. The ball, veteran of nine one-game seasons, was kept with the rest of the kit in a locker in the basement. Every time you opened the locker, the ball would fall out and roll across the floor. It was probably suffering from some strange instinct that urged it to find its way back to Yankee Stadium to die. Who knows? Point is, that somewhere during the last

year, the ball had fallen out and rolled through a pool of slime that had dripped out of a Ghost Trap we were dumping into the Containment Unit. As a result, the ball we took out of the locker along with the mitt and the bat for the annual Softball event, was possessed.

First up, with the bases empty and a capacity crowd of dog-walkers, strollers and kite fliers, I was pitching fastballs down the line to Peter at the plate. Everything was going well, once we'd



waited for Peter to lose his tracksuit and amble up to the plate after a short but energetic workout. I waited on the mound, easing into a good seam grip ready to deliver the first ball of the season. Janine and Egon hung back in the outfield, waiting for the first of Peter's world-series style homers, and Ray, crouching down as back stop, signalled me a curve ball. I nodded it on. Those would get Peter sweating.

I wound up carefully and my pitch was good and clean, not Major League standard, but a nice, accurate throw that was obviously enjoyed by the man with the terrier at the baseline. Peter swung round to connect and knock it, literally, out of the ball park, and then I realised something was wrong. The ball hit the bat and stayed there. The impact knocked Peter off his feet and he fell

over into Ray, fighting with the bat, which seemed to be quivering like a fishing rod with a big fish on the hook. I ran over to try and disentangle the pair of them, and then I saw the ball ... attached to the bat by merit of a set of particularly big sharp pointy teeth. Little, wicked eyes had appeared on the seams, and it was growling and drooling like a dog with a bone.

The play after that was swift and confused. I dived for the ball to run Peter out, Peter hit me on the head with the bat, the ball let go and whacked Ray in the face before bouncing twice on Peter's back. I fell over on top of them. Peter hit Ray with the bat, Egon came in low for a hasty retrieval, slid onto the home plate, lost his grip on the shrieking, yapping ball, and disappeared into the bushes. Ray stood up, fell over his laces and bounced off Peter. I bounced off Peter, tripped over Ray's laces and landed in the bushes on top of Egon, who was still face down in the soil. Ray stood up again, swung the bat, missed Peter, who was now also on his feet and toppled over, hitting himself on the shoulder with the bat. Peter began to run, tripped over Ray's laces and picked himself up again. Ray took off his shoe and threw it at a tree. Egon and I found an interesting root to look at.

When Egon and I climbed out of the bushes, Ray was hopping around looking for his shoe and Janine had performed the greatest catch of her life, taking the ball from over a hundred metres, against the sun, and locking it in the cooler box. There was still a snarling noise coming from within.

'Well held,' I commented.

'Where's Peter?' I asked. Ray pointed.

Peter was jogging around the diamond, hands held high in victory, enjoying the ovation of the crowd. The man with the terrier had had to sit down on a bench to cope with his giggles.

'Are you going to tell him?' Egon asked me, brushing the leaves from his T-shirt.

'That he was out?' I asked. 'Nah, let him dream.'

TOAST GHOST

One of the advantages of being a ghost is that you can spot a kindred spirit a mile off. And that's exactly what happened at the breakfast table in Ghostbusters' HQ one morning. Ray had been trying to teach Slimer to say some of the Ghostbusters' more popular sayings, but instead of repeating 'This ghost is toast', Slimer insisted that 'This toast was ghost!' Now Slimer isn't generally known for his informative conversation, but crumbs, this time he was quite right. The toast rack

was being inhabited by Class five undead bread. Egon and Peter were quick off the mark and gave this chiller a final grilling, and so the toast was ghost and the ghost was toast.



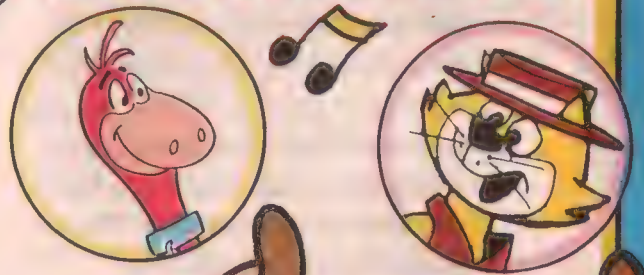
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**THE REAL
GHOSTBUSTERS**

in

CLOSET CASE

**JAMES
VAN HISE**

STORY

JIM

**NEIL
GRAHAME**

PENCILS

BROZMAN

INKS

JOSEPH

ALLEN

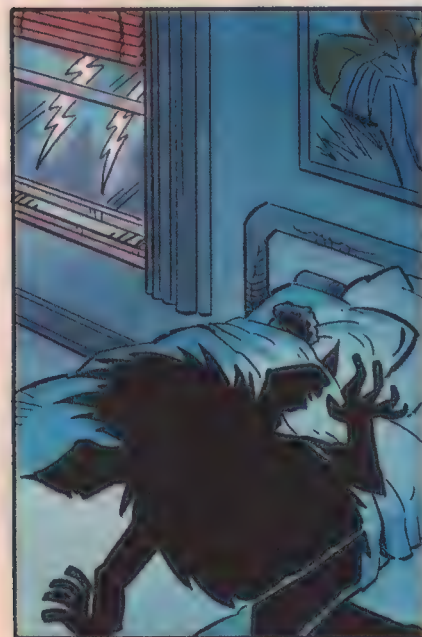
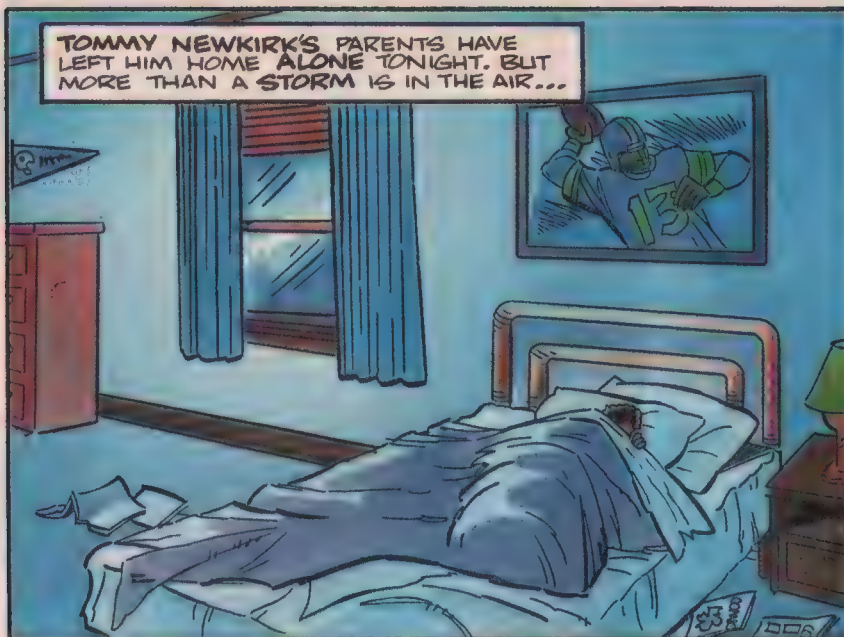
LETTERS

S. DECHNIK

K. KINSEY

COLOURS

MICHELE MACH
ART DIRECTOR



WHAT TOMMY SEES CAN'T POSSIBLY BE REAL, BUT HE KNOWS HE ISN'T DREAMING. AND WHAT HE'S SEEN IS BIG AS LIFE AND TWICE AS UGLY!



SO WEAK FOR SO LONG! SO HARD TO RETURN...



NEED MORE FEAR TO BE COMPLETE AT LAST!

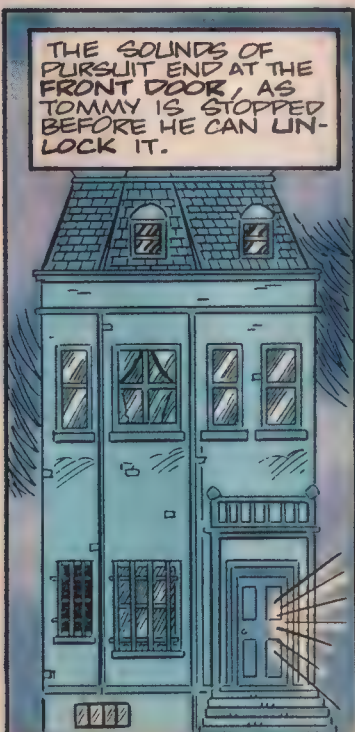


AHAHAHAHAHA!

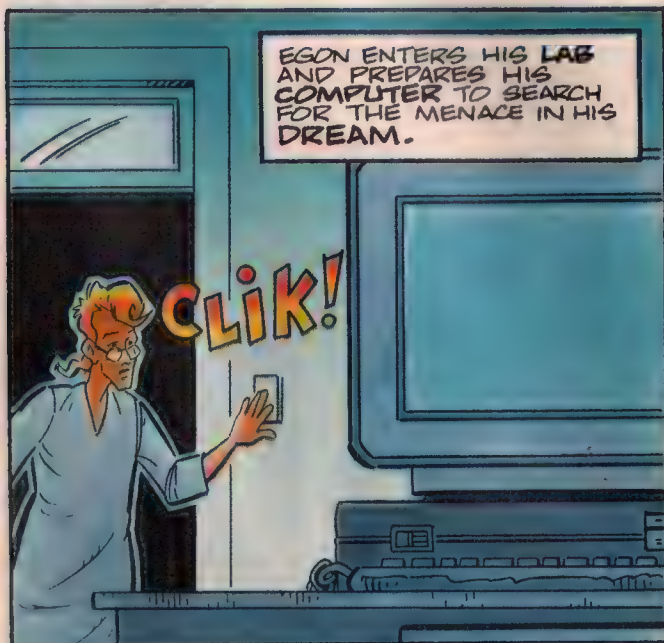
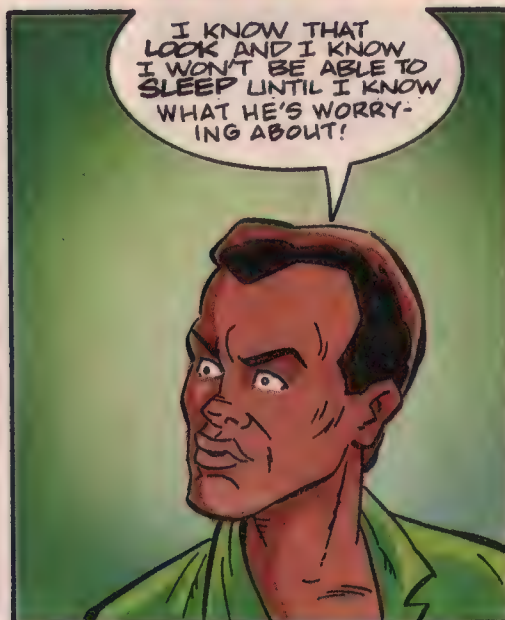
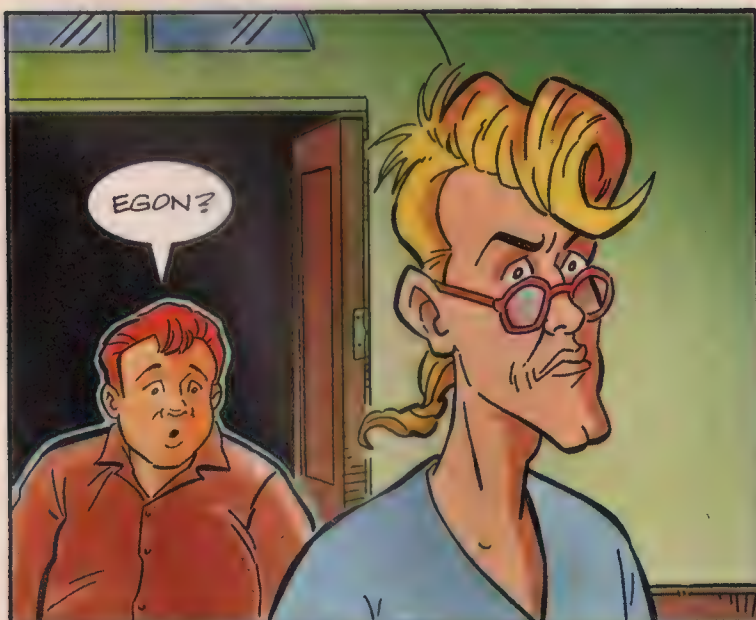
THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW IS TOO HIGH TO ESCAPE THROUGH, WHILE DOWNSTAIRS ARE SECURITY BARS.

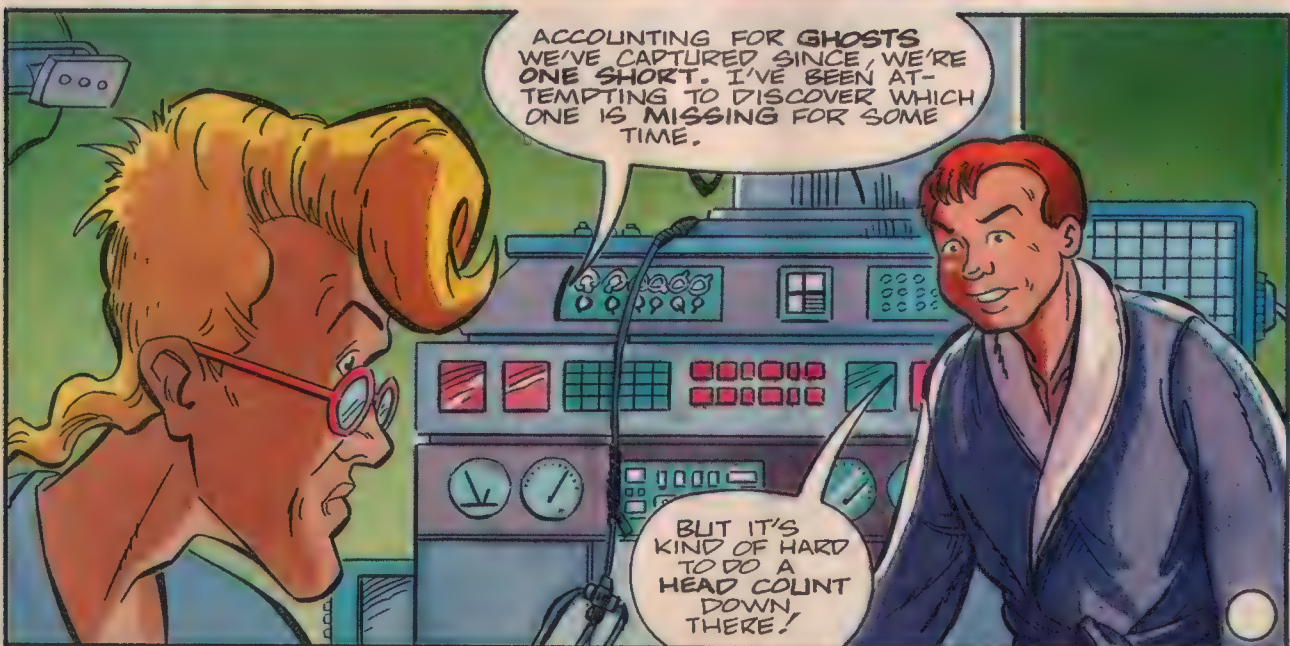
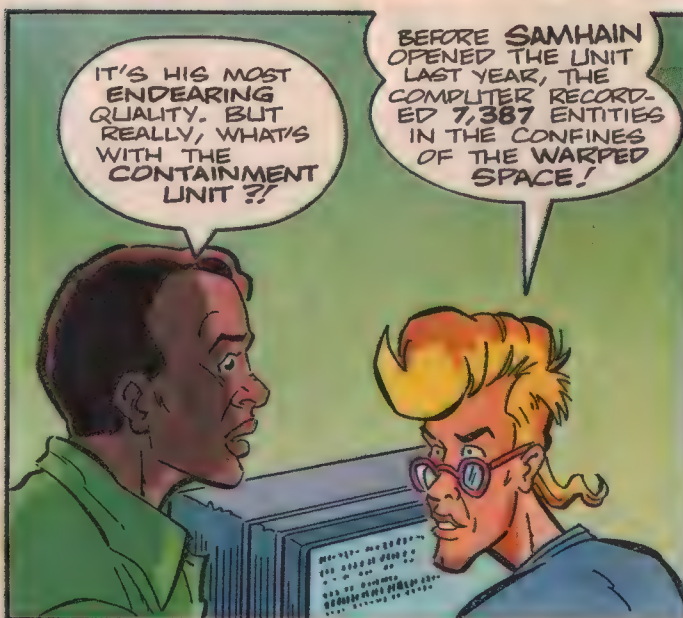
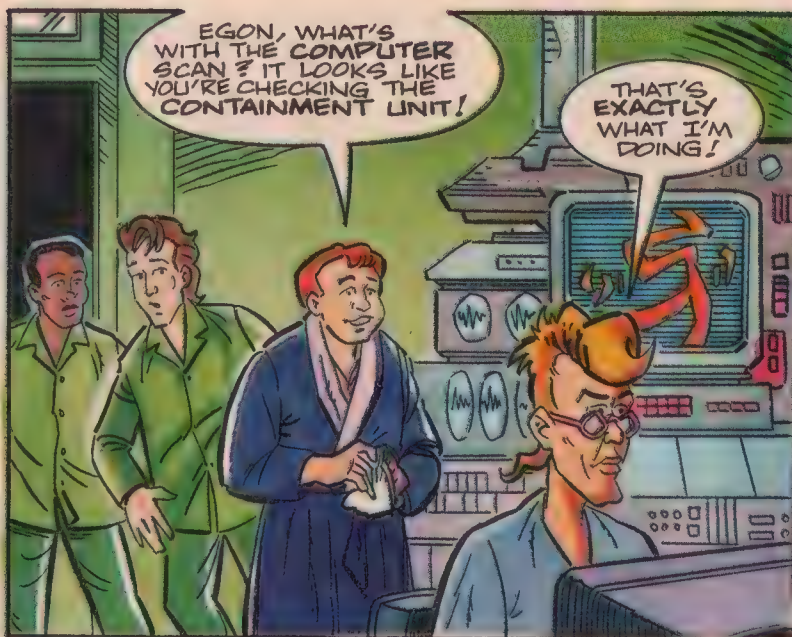


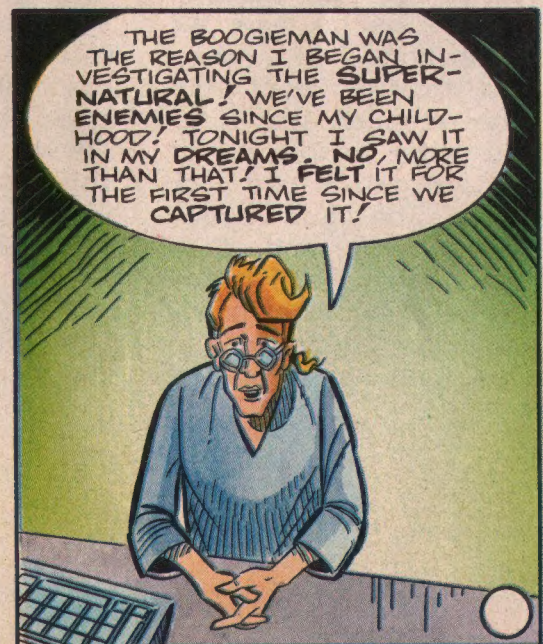
THE SOUNDS OF PURSUIT END AT THE FRONT DOOR, AS TOMMY IS STOPPED BEFORE HE CAN UNLOCK IT.



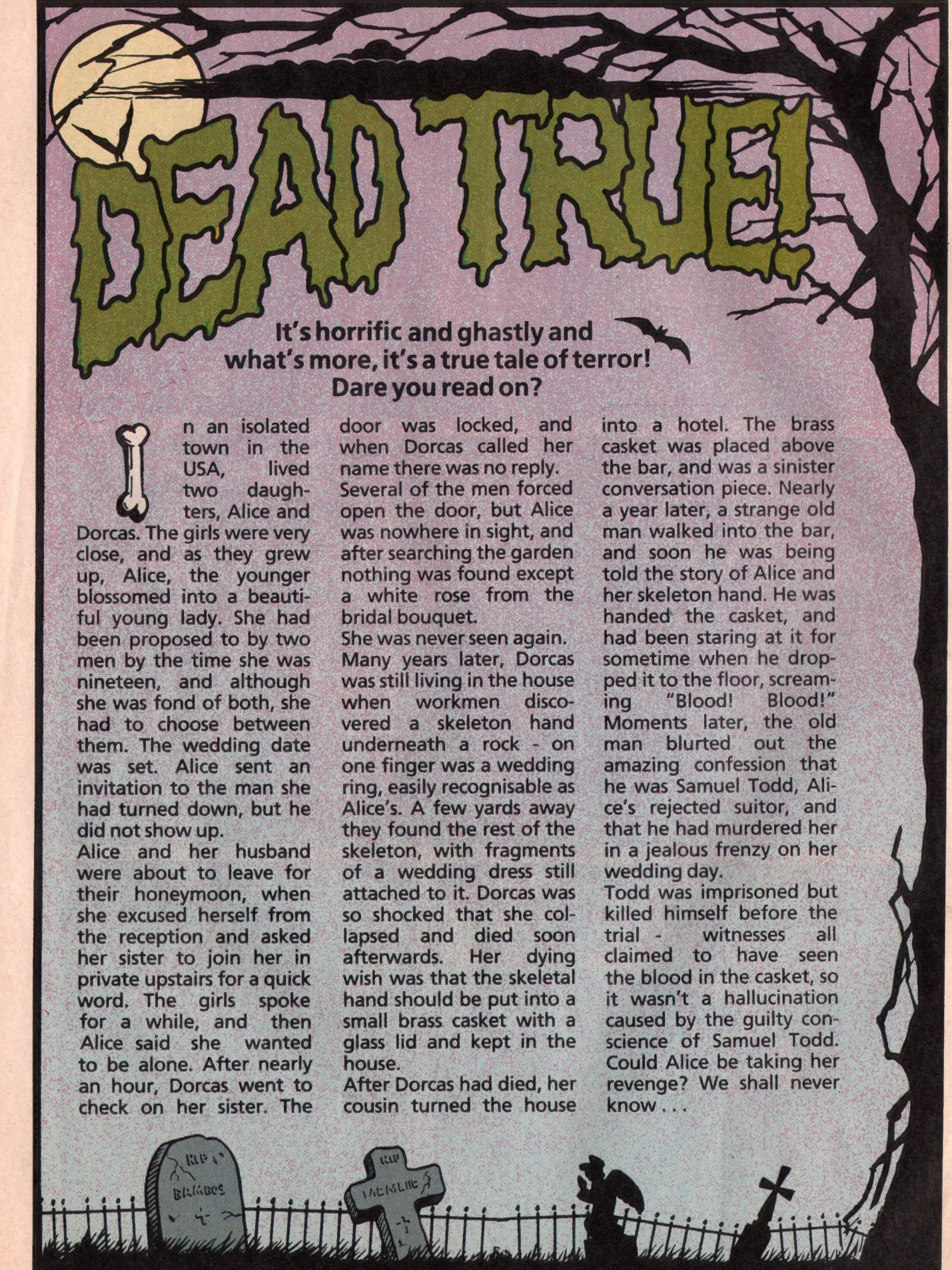








More Ghostbusting action next week!



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



In an isolated town in the USA, lived two daughters, Alice and Dorcas. The girls were very close, and as they grew up, Alice, the younger blossomed into a beautiful young lady. She had been proposed to by two men by the time she was nineteen, and although she was fond of both, she had to choose between them. The wedding date was set. Alice sent an invitation to the man she had turned down, but he did not show up.

Alice and her husband were about to leave for their honeymoon, when she excused herself from the reception and asked her sister to join her in private upstairs for a quick word. The girls spoke for a while, and then Alice said she wanted to be alone. After nearly an hour, Dorcas went to check on her sister. The

door was locked, and when Dorcas called her name there was no reply. Several of the men forced open the door, but Alice was nowhere in sight, and after searching the garden nothing was found except a white rose from the bridal bouquet.

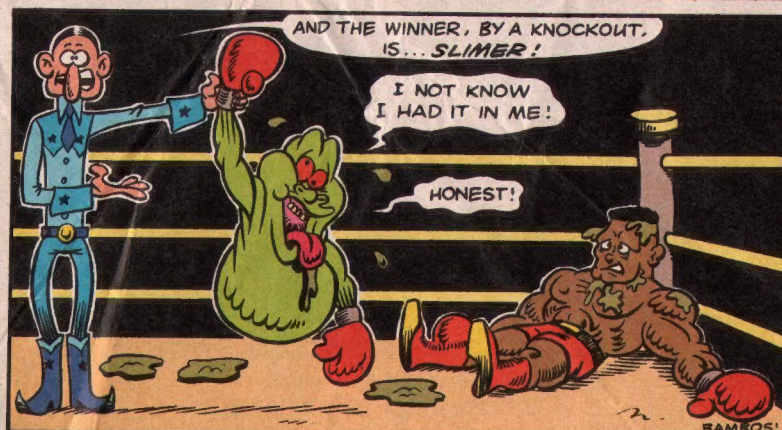
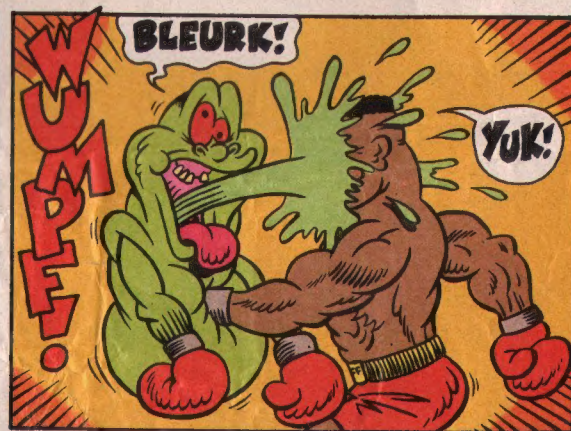
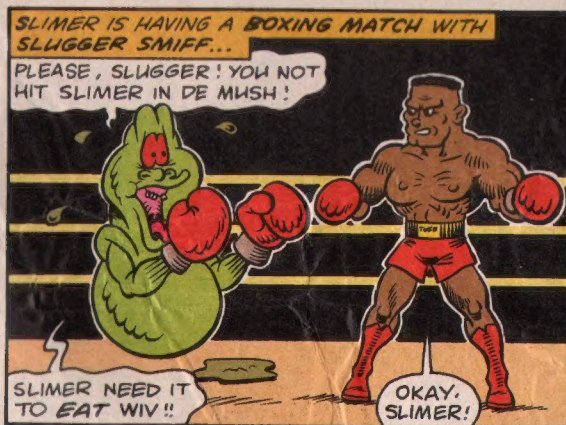
She was never seen again. Many years later, Dorcas was still living in the house when workmen discovered a skeleton hand underneath a rock - on one finger was a wedding ring, easily recognisable as Alice's. A few yards away they found the rest of the skeleton, with fragments of a wedding dress still attached to it. Dorcas was so shocked that she collapsed and died soon afterwards. Her dying wish was that the skeletal hand should be put into a small brass casket with a glass lid and kept in the house.

After Dorcas had died, her cousin turned the house

into a hotel. The brass casket was placed above the bar, and was a sinister conversation piece. Nearly a year later, a strange old man walked into the bar, and soon he was being told the story of Alice and her skeleton hand. He was handed the casket, and had been staring at it for sometime when he dropped it to the floor, screaming "Blood! Blood!" Moments later, the old man blurted out the amazing confession that he was Samuel Todd, Alice's rejected suitor, and that he had murdered her in a jealous frenzy on her wedding day.

Todd was imprisoned but killed himself before the trial - witnesses all claimed to have seen the blood in the casket, so it wasn't a hallucination caused by the guilty conscience of Samuel Todd. Could Alice be taking her revenge? We shall never know...





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